

Say Something

by xXxNeonSoundxXx

Category: Haikyu/ãf•ã,ãã,-ãf¥ãf¼

Genre: Angst, Romance

Language: English

Characters: OC, Toru O.

Pairings: Toru O./OC

Status: Completed

Published: 2014-08-26 06:32:21

Updated: 2014-08-26 06:32:21

Packaged: 2016-04-26 20:44:28

Rating: K

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,513

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: He really wanted to make a relationship work. He wanted to prove to others that he was capable of holding more than one thing dear, but the familiar beckon if his favorite sport always won him over. In the end, Oikawa could only love one thing and that was volleyball. Oikawa [Tooru x Reader]

Say Something

_Say something, I'm giving up on you

>I'll be the one, if you want me to
Anywhere I would've followed you

>Say something, I'm giving up on you

[Name] knew that any sort of relationship with Aobajousai's captain wouldn't exactly be a conventional one. The boy was fiercely dedicated to his sport, a trait which attracted [Name] to him in the first place, but he was sometimes dedicated to a flaw. Often times Oikawa would forget important dates the two shared, often texting [Name] at the very last momentâ€”sometimes not at all. He would send apologies, heavily decorated with a plethora of smiley faces and emojis, promising that it wouldn't happen again and [Name] would forgive him, holding him close once more as he came back for more love.

Every time.

[Name] wanted to tell him, though; wanted to kick and scream to the high heavens about the emotional abuse the setter was giving. But it never happened. No matter how many nights were spent alone and no matter how much dates were forgotten, [Name] never once complained. No, [Name] couldn't complain. Not if it meant ripping Oikawa away from the thing he loved most.

_And I am feeling so small

>It was over my head
I know nothing at all_

[Name] didn't really understand Oikawa's never ending love for volleyball; then again, [Name] wasn't really an athletic person, often choosing to excel in academics rather than anything else. Watching Oikawa play on court, however, often caused [Name]'s heart to race. He had so much passion for the sport and the simple act of watching him could cause one to feel exhausted. He made it feel as if the watcher were the one in the game, spiking the ball over the net, serving it perfectly between two people, or setting the ball for the perfect combo. It was clear to everyone that Oikawa was in love with volleyball.

Nothing else in the world mattered to him.

Jealousy seeped into souls and ran thick through veins, leaving a bitter taste in [Name]'s mouth. Little green, envious monsters often left words for the poor student, washing away thoughts of love and support with the feeling of being second best. Oikawa was always playing volleyball. Oikawa was always talking about volleyball. Oikawa was always breathing, eating, sleeping volleyball. [Name] felt ridiculous being jealous of a sport.

_And I will stumble and fall

>I'm still learning to love
Just starting to crawl_

The day Oikawa had approached [Name] with the offer of a romantic relationship, he seemed genuine. He had heard the rumors about himself, the ones that said he cared for nothing but his beloved sport. That wasn't true in his mind however, because he could already name a handful of people he lovedâ€”just not as much as volleyballâ€”off the top of his head. He wanted to prove the rumors wrong. He wanted to make a relationship work for once. He really wanted to know whether he could love other things just as much.

It was hard.

Oikawa wasn't a good boyfriend. He knew he forgot a lot of dates and he knew that he always texted back late with the excuse that he was in the middle of practice. Not once had [Name] reprimanded him for that though, and for once he found himself grateful. It was as if [Name] knew not to expect much from him and it took a huge load off his shoulders, relieving him of some stress that often came with his past relationships. He could focus on what mattered and when it came time for him to send an apology text, often decorating it with what he could only assume was an annoyingly high amount of smiles and hearts, [Name] would forgive him and he could crawl back into a loving embrace.

_Say something, I'm giving up on you

>I'm sorry that I couldn't get to you
Anywhere I would've followed you

>Say something, I'm giving up on you

The small amount of time they did have together was spent with passionate kisses and words of love being exchanged. Oikawa often left [Name] breathless, craving more of him as they pulled away from each other's heated touches and wanton gazes. He was like an ocean and [Name] was drowning, falling deeper into the abyss that was the lust for him. It was all an illusion however, for the words were

shallow and loving touches were empty. Oikawa had already given his heart away.

[Name] was merely a placeholder.

Oikawa's one true love would often beckon for him and he would go willingly, drawn back like a moth to a flame. It was easy to leave at first, abandoning [Name] for the thrill of volleyball, but as time went on Oikawa was finding it harder to do. Consciousness finally catching up to him, Oikawa had started feeling guilty for all the time he ever left [Name] out of the loop. He wanted to be a better boyfriend. He promised himself that the next time he saw [Name], he would do something to make up for all his mistakes. He wanted to try.

_And I will swallow my pride

>You're the one that I love
And I'm saying goodbye_

It was too late however, and one day it all had to end. Oikawa knew it would.

Approaching the gym where the captain would be, [Name] called out to the boy. For a moment, he was thoroughly upset, a frown marring his face from his lover's sudden interruption, but one look at [Name]'s expression and he knew something was wrong. Oikawa may have been dense when it came to matters of the heart, but he wasn't stupid. He had seen that look before. Something tugged on some invisible string attached to his heart, causing it to throb painfully.

He was too late.

It hadn't hurt as much as he thought it would when [Name] murmured that familiar sentence he had heard numerous times before. His heart had grown numb to the ache that settled there whenever it happened. Having heard the same words over and over again, he felt a new layer of cement being added to his heart. He wanted to brush [Name]'s hand away as it reached out for his larger one—he wanted to return to practice, to drown in the work he put into it—but [Name] still had more to say and it rooted him to the ground, shattering what was left of what Oikawa thought to be his stone heart.

_Say something, I'm giving up on you

>And I'm sorry that I couldn't get to you
And anywhere I would've followed you (Oh-oh-oh-oh)

>Say something, I'm giving up on you

"You're really good at volleyball, Oikawa," [Name] confessed, a thumb rubbing circles into the calloused skin of the setter's palm. "You have a future with it and I want to see you succeed, even if it's without me."

It was different this time; [Name] was different. It hadn't been about his bad habits as a boyfriend. It hadn't been about his obsession-like dedication to his beloved sport. It hadn't even been about his forgetfulness towards special occasions. Yes, they were breaking up and following the path that all his previous relationships had followed, but they weren't breaking up because he had made mistakes. It was because [Name] knew the truth.

Oikawa's heart had no more love to spare.

He wanted to yell at [Name]. He wanted to say that it wasn't over yet, that there could still be time to improve what was falling apart. But he couldn't speak. He didn't know what to say. Oikawa begged his mouth to say something, anything to stop his now ex-lover from fading by his side, but his brain could only pull blanks. He could only watch as [Name] let go of his hand, taking a tentative step back.

"I love you." [Name]'s voice wavered, betraying the strong front that was shown only minutes before. "I always will."

_Say something, I'm giving up on you
>Say something...

Oikawa could only watch as [Name] walked away, leaving him standing in front of the gym. His heart felt heavy for some reason and he wanted to call [Name] back. He felt like kicking and screaming. He wanted to say the things he never did. But it was too late. He had messed up once again. He had really wanted to make this relationship work, but by the time he realized his mistake the damage had been done. Even now, as half of him urged his body to follow [Name] and beg for another chance, he could hear the familiar beck and call of his beloved sport.

Turning on his heel, Oikawa walked back into the gym.

End
file.